

# THE AMADOR LEDGER

Established November 1, 1855.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1903.

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The Stable equipped with first-class stock  
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Large stable and yard for use of teamsters.  
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Leaves Plymouth at 6:30 a. m.  
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Arrives at Jackson in time to catch the  
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OFFICES—Jackson, National Hotel; Sutter  
Creek, American Exchange; Amador  
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Prompt delivery of packages.  
Fare—Plymouth to Jackson, \$1.50; Jack-  
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Lots for sale in the Webb-Mason  
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plan. Lots fronting on Stump  
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Will do work in any part of  
Amador County. If you want  
to build, send a note to Jackson  
Postoffice and I will call on you.  
Estimates furnished without cost  
on any kind of building. Will  
make plans and specifications for  
you. mar21f

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**SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS**  
SPURS WHIPS  
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And in fact everything kept in a first-  
class harness shop.

Call and see us in our new home: next  
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Nichols, Buena Vista. oc17

## A BOY'S LOVE.

The Symptoms That Mark His First  
Consciousness of Woman.

"It is deeply and touchingly signifi-  
cant of the uplifting influence of wo-  
man over man that the first heart  
throb of a boy is always accompanied  
by abnoluntary symptoms," says Doro-  
thy Dix in *Amusee's*. "The earliest in-  
dication that a masculine creature  
gives of susceptibility to the fair sex  
is when he first voluntarily washes be-  
hind his ears. Up to that time his  
morning bath, except upon compulsion,  
has only described a small circle, tak-  
ing in his eyes, a segment of his cheeks  
and his chin. A thorough scrubbing  
he has regarded as one of the tortures  
of the inquisition, combing his hair he  
has looked upon as a foolish waste of  
time that might have been spent on  
tops and marbles, while brushing his  
clothes and shoes has seemed a com-  
temptible truckling to the effete cus-  
toms of society that was unworthy of  
an intelligent human being.

"Suddenly all this is changed. Some  
morning the boy appears abnormally  
clean. He develops a mania for scent-  
ed soap. His ears are beyond re-  
proach, and if he has the making of a  
lover in him he begins to manicure his  
nails. He becomes critical about col-  
lars and neckties. His family say,  
'How Tommy is improving!' and his  
mother congratulates herself that her  
lectures are bearing fruit at last.

"In reality it is the first premonition  
of love—vague, inarticulate, intangible,  
but unmistakable. No man ever real-  
izes his defects until he sees them re-  
flected in feminine eyes. Men do not  
dress up for each other, but for wom-  
an's opinion; they would still be going  
about in comfort and the aboriginal  
blanket. The silk hat and dress coat  
are a daily offering on her shrine, and  
Tommy's newly awakened desire to fix  
up is simply his first consciousness of  
woman. He does not understand its  
portentousness, and he may still out-  
wardly scorn little girls, but for him  
the die has been cast. The disturbing  
and compelling influence of woman has  
entered into his life."

**POULTRY POINTERS.**

Early hatched pullets make the best  
winter layers.

One of the most beneficial foods for  
poultry is linseed meal.

The laying hens like a variety not  
only in the soft food, but in the grain.

The guinea fowl is a great forager  
and destroys many insects that hens  
will not touch.

The hens will lay better and be better  
contented if supplied with a box of  
fine dry earth for a dust bath.

The Leghorns are popular with those  
who do not desire to raise chicks, they  
being nonissters and good layers.

Poultry farming doesn't take a great  
deal of land, but with good manage-  
ment the harvest comes every day.

In arranging the perches in the poul-  
try house have them far enough away  
from the doors and windows to avoid  
drafts.

Soaked lime placed in the drinking  
water will often cure hens of laying  
shell-less eggs unless it is a disease of  
the egg passage, as is sometimes the  
case.

**The Capitol and the White House.**

The streeturchins of Washington to-  
day would hardly know by the names  
assigned them on the original maps the  
two chief buildings planned for the  
national capital. The capitol was then  
the "Congress house" and the White  
House the "President's house."

The exposure intended for the front of each  
building has since become for practical  
purposes the back. The capitol was  
made to face east, but landowners  
pushed up their prices so that the city  
grew on the west and is there today.

The White House was made to face  
the Potomac river on the south, after  
the fashion of the Virginia mansions of  
its day, but is thought of by the Ameri-  
can people as facing Pennsylvania av-  
enue, or toward the north.—Youth's  
Companion.

**Women and Their Troubles.**

Once upon a time two women were  
talking over their troubles, and while  
one was telling her tale of woe the  
other was very impatient to tell hers.

Finally, after several unsuccessful  
attempts, the second woman managed  
to tell her story, and as she had the  
last say she improved very much on  
the tale of the first woman, in conse-  
quence of which the first speaker was  
made quite unhappy.

Moral.—Some women are more  
wretched than others because the oth-  
ers have more troubles than they have.  
—New York Herald.

**Mark Twain on Lying.**

Why will you humbug yourselves  
with that foolish notion that no lie is a  
lie except a spoken one? What is the  
difference between lying with your eyes  
and lying with your mouth? There is  
none, and if you would reflect a mo-  
ment you would see that it is so. There  
isn't a human being that doesn't tell a  
gross lie every day of his life.—  
Mark Twain in Harper's.

**Calculating.**

Elderly Adorer—I am sixty-nine and  
have \$300,000.

Fair Young Thing—I'll give you an  
answer the day after tomorrow. I will  
have to figure it all out in the mortuary  
tables.

**Costly Transaction.**

"De mule I stoled wuz only wuth  
\$20," said the Georgia dandy, "en, bless  
me, de lawyer didn't charge \$50 ter  
prove me innocent!"—Atlanta Consti-  
tution.

A mob is the scum that rises upmost  
when the nation boils.—Dryden.

To Cure A Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab-  
lets. All druggists refund the money  
if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's sig-  
nature is on each box. 25c.

Two papers for the price of one—  
Ledger and Sacramento Weekly Rec-  
ord—Union for \$2.50 per year.

PIONEER FLOUR always has been  
and still is the best.

## FARMER LIFE IDEAL

THE LOT OF THE TILLER OF THE  
SOIL IS TO BE ENVIED.

Drudges In City Shops Know Noth-  
ing of His Independence, and Al-  
though the Work is Hard and In-  
cessant the Reward Is Sure.

If some of the farmers who are dis-  
couraged because they have not made  
a fortune of their farms and who feel  
inclined to envy their brother toilers in  
the city, imagining that life in the city  
is more desirable than theirs, easier  
and filled with plenty of leisure to en-  
joy all the pleasures with which the  
rustic imagination glids and glorifies  
those distant scenes and activities,  
they need only try to find out their  
mistake. "Far fields are green" and  
lose much of their attractiveness upon  
a nearer view.

To the city man of ordinary means  
and opportunities, who, like the ordi-  
nary farmer, has no bank account to  
all back upon in case of emergency,  
life is one "demonition grind" and with-  
out the soothing influences of nature  
that surround the farmer to quiet the  
fever and unrest with which the strug-  
gle, competition and turmoil around  
him keep his nerves on the rack day  
after day. As a rule, such men are not  
their own masters, but must order  
their speech, demeanor and inclinations  
to please the powers that have control  
over their daily doings in order to keep  
bread in the mouths and clothes on the  
backs of both themselves and their  
families.

The farmer, if he does not feel well,  
can rise in the morning at whatever  
hour it pleases him so to do, for an  
hour or so or day or two does not  
make much difference in his affairs,  
except at the most critical periods of  
planting and harvesting. He can have  
his own opinions, and voice them, too,  
on politics and religion and all the  
stirring questions of the day without  
fear of antagonizing the powers that  
be, who can "sack" him if his views  
and opinions do not happen to coincide  
with those of his masters or "over-  
lord" (the boss).

That the farmer is a hard worker no-  
body can deny. Tilling the soil is not  
easy work. Since God gave the com-  
mand to man to "earn his bread by the  
sweat of his face" the farmer's life  
has been a life of toil. It takes some  
strength and effort to dig a living out  
of the ground. It is not easy to earn a  
living, much less a fortune, without  
effort, and the farmer is not the only  
one who "sweats." Brain workers  
have no sinecure, although some per-  
sons imagine that all they have to do  
is to sit at a desk and add up figures  
or to twiddle a pen in their fingers. The  
life of a salesman behind the counter  
is most wearisome and monotonous.  
The beautiful days of spring go by,  
the birds are singing as they build  
their nests, the flowers are blooming in  
the valleys and on the hillsides, and the  
grass is growing greener and greener.  
He goes he get of the beauty of the bright  
world except when he can take a car  
ride on an evening or on a Sunday or  
holiday.

A grocer's clerk works more hours  
and harder than the average country  
boy, who can go to the "corner" and  
pitch quoits and gossip with his cronies  
when the city young man is just get-  
ting from work, and, as for the man  
who delivers milk in the city, he has  
even harder work and longer hours.

At 4 in the morning and even earlier  
his wagon is loaded on the streets and  
he himself racing from top to bottom of  
the high apartment buildings in the  
cold and sleet of a midwinter's morn-  
ing or in the enervating heat of sum-  
mer. At breakneck speed he goes, and  
one could almost imagine that his life  
depended upon getting through his  
rounds in due season. Competition is  
so great that he must neglect nothing  
and always be pleasant and obliging  
to the most unreasonable of customers  
for fear of losing one. There are the  
tender, carrying fifty pounds and often  
100 pounds of ice up four flights of  
stairs, which is no easy task, and as it  
is not skilled labor the pay is probably  
not more than it should be, considering  
the amount of strength expended.  
Hard as the work is and moderate as  
is the pay, no man can afford to lose  
his job, so he has to be very careful not  
to antagonize his employers.

The man who does business on a  
small scale and is his own boss prob-  
ably finds it no easier to make a living,  
for he has to do the greater part of his  
own work, and in the case of a bad or  
unprofitable season is sometimes not so  
well off as his hireling, who is sure of  
his wages at least.

That man who owns his land and  
has good health is a poor farmer who  
cannot make at least a living for him-  
self and family. It may not be a sumptu-  
ous living, but it may be a compara-  
tively comfortable one. This cannot be  
said of all sorts of occupations.

There is another hope ahead for the  
farmer. If he doesn't have good luck  
this year, he may the next. There is  
always a chance that there will be a  
better yield in crops and a better price  
in the market. The element of uncer-  
tainty adds zest to life which a settled  
amount of wages from month to month  
and from year to year cannot give, and  
he is always sure of enough to eat on  
the farm of some sort or another.

The time is coming and is not far  
distant when the farmer's life will be  
looked upon as the ideal life by many  
of the world's weary toilers of the  
crowded cities. Even now the one  
bright dream of many a drudger in the  
stores and offices is of a happy time  
coming when he will have a farm, a  
home all his own in the country, where  
he can rest his tired brain and nerves  
in the health of his own vine and  
fig—or apple—tree. Whoever despises a  
farmer's life is a fool; it is the most  
independent life on earth.—Country  
Gentleman.

**London's Great Clocks.**

The Immensity of Big Ben and the  
Law Courts' Timepiece.

How many of those who look up at  
the statue of Nelson will believe that  
the statue of "our greatest sailor" is  
three times as tall as a living man?   
Nothing in the world is so deceptive as  
distance, as a run round London with  
a footrule would show. Nobody, so  
far as one knows, has ever yet been  
found to believe that Big Ben is over  
seven yards across the dial, that the  
hands are together twenty-five feet  
long. That the minute hand jumps  
seven inches every time it moves, that  
the five minute spaces measure nearly  
two yards and that each of the dials  
weighs four tons. You may spend a  
day staring hard at St. Paul's before  
you will believe that the ball over the  
dome will hold twelve men and that  
the cross above it is ten yards high,  
ten yards above the dome and weighs  
a ton and a half. Yet a footrule and  
the dean's permission are all that you  
need to be convinced that these things  
are not what they seem.

Every one knows how impossible it is  
to fix the distance of a ship at sea or  
a fire on a dark night, when the con-  
trast of the light with the surrounding  
darkness brings the vision near  
though the fire may be miles away.  
Who of all the thousands passing  
along the Strand today will believe  
that a party of workmen breakfasted  
in the law courts' clock before it was  
fixed in its place to tell London the  
wrong time?—St. James Gazette.

**Status of the Country Publisher.**

Here is a little old straight-from-the-  
shoulder talk about matters lying near  
to our heart. There seems to be a feel-  
ing among business men that a news-  
paper has no business to make money.  
Why not? It is the most exacting busi-  
ness in the world, the most trying in  
every way. It means long hours and  
the greatest care in its conduct. The  
newspaper has the entire public to deal  
with. It is criticised on all occasions.  
It has to deal with all the cranks in the  
community, and to do this successfully  
requires judgment and patience.

It has power, and that power, to the  
credit of journalism, is nearly always  
wielded for the public good. No ques-  
tion of vital concern to the home people  
fails to find a strong support from the  
home newspaper, and this, too, without  
remuneration. The publisher spends  
his money to further these projects,  
and the community never gives a  
thought to the matter of cost to him.  
It is not paid out of the public pocket.  
—Newspaperman.

**Saved by Fireflies.**

The gigantic tropical fireflies which  
swarm in the forests and canebrakes  
of the low lying West Indian  
islands once proved the salvation of the  
city of Santo Domingo. A body of bu-  
caneers, headed by the notorious Thom-  
as Cavendish, had laid all their plans  
for a descent upon the place, intending  
to massacre the inhabitants and carry  
away all the treasure they conveniently  
could, and had actually put off their  
boats for that purpose.

As they approached the land, how-  
ever, rowing with muffled oars, they  
were greatly surprised to see an in-  
finite number of moving lights in the  
woods which fringed the bayou up  
which they had to proceed, and, con-  
cluding that the Spaniards knew of  
their approach, they put about and re-  
gained their ship without attempting  
to land.

**Mourners in Red.**

There can be no doubt that in red  
and black of the middle ages in red,  
and not black, was the favorite mourn-  
ing color throughout Europe. Even  
down to the end of the fifteenth cen-  
tury the change from blood red to  
black was not complete, though black  
cloaks were worn over red clothing. In  
Abyssinia the mourning color is a red-  
dish brown. In Turkey it is violet, a  
color closely allied to red. It is a curi-  
ous fact that among the Maoris of New  
Zealand red is the hue of sorrow. In  
earlier times mourning was done by  
dyeing their bodies with red juices when they fol-  
lowed a chief to his grave, and even  
the resting places of the bodies were  
also colored red.

**An Equal Safety.**

An Irish clergyman during his first  
curacy found the ladies of the parish  
too helpful. He soon left the place.  
One day thereafter he met his suc-  
cessor.

"How are you getting on with the  
ladies?" asked the escaped curate.

"Oh, very well," was the answer.  
"There's safety in numbers."

"I found it in Exodus," was the quick  
reply.

**After the Discount.**

"If you please, sub," said the Geor-  
gia dandy, "how much for a marriage  
license on a divorce document?"

"A marriage license and divorce docu-  
ment?"

"Yes, sub. I been studyin' 'bout get-  
tin' married, en I 'lowed dat ef I got  
de two tereger d'ed 'd cheaper!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

**Why?**

One of the wonderful things is that  
a woman of fair intelligence will paint  
her cheeks like a clown's and appear  
on the streets. Why does she do it?

The paint she imagine that people think  
the paint is bloom of youth? Does she not  
know that people laugh at her? There  
are two things that people are quick  
to notice—when a man wears a wig  
and when a woman paints her cheeks.  
—Acheson Globe.

**The Oculist.**

Patient—I can't see that there's a  
thing wrong with my eyesight.

Oculist Jonniwysse—The most pos-  
itive proof that you need glasses, my  
dear sir, when you are unable to see  
anything so plain as that!—Los Angeles  
Herald.

**Accomplished.**

Mrs. Gimp—Is Miss Stitcher much of  
a dressmaker?

Miss Piping—Splendid. She never  
has to make a dress over more than  
two or three times.—Boston Transcript.

**Fruity.**

"She's evidently the apple of his  
eye."  
"He told me she was a peach."  
"So? Well, at any rate, they are a  
fine looking pair."—Indianapolis News.

## LONDON'S GREAT CLOCKS.

The Immensity of Big Ben and the  
Law Courts' Timepiece.

How many of those who look up at  
the statue of Nelson will believe that  
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three times as tall as a living man?   
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found to believe that Big Ben is over  
seven yards across the dial, that the  
hands are together twenty-five feet  
long. That the minute hand jumps  
seven inches every time it moves, that  
the five minute spaces measure nearly  
two yards and that each of the dials  
weighs four tons. You may spend a  
day staring hard at St. Paul's before  
you will believe that the ball over the  
dome will hold twelve men and that  
the cross above it is ten yards high,  
ten yards above the dome and weighs  
a ton and











